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A HINT TO GOVERNOR HILL.

If he wants to Pray in the Political Mosque, he must leave his Slippers outside, like a good Moslem.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, November 6th, 1889.—No. 661.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THERE IS A DEAL of talk nowadays about trusts, and each new trust that appears in the business world is held up to public condemnation. The people understand that a trust is an organized monopoly, and that it exists only to make them pay more than the fair market price of what it sells and what they must buy. It seems to be generally known that a trust is no more nor less than a combination of manufacturers of one line or sort of goods or commodities, who agree among themselves to fix an arbitrary scale of prices for their products, and to force the people to take those products at those prices. The combined manufacturers further agree to crush out any possible competition, by putting prices temporarily below cost as soon as a rival shows his head; thus driving the rival out of business — and into the poor-house, if it is possible.

A trust is, in short, an organization formed to secure a practical and perpetual monopoly of the business in which it is engaged. Such an organization can not possibly be serviceable or useful in any way to the people. It may, indeed, be called an organization wholly mischievous in its operations and in its influence. Such organizations have become numerous of late years. The people all know the Standard Oil Trust, the Copper Trust, the Lead Trust, the Cotton-tie Trust, the Iron Trust, and dozens of other trusts, big and little. And the people like none of them.

But the greatest of all the trusts is the Republican Party Trust. There is no such business organization in the whole world. Alongside of this great Trust, compared with its volume of business, the famous Copper Trust is as a country cross-roads store is to the largest commercial establishment in New York or Chicago. No combination of trusts that was ever devised could handle one-tenth of the money that the great Republican Trust is handling yearly, and has handled, year after year, with the exception of one space of four years, ever since it was organized, some twenty or twenty-one years ago.

We speak of the organization of the Republican Party Trust — not of the organization of the Republican Party. These are two widely different things. The Republican Party was organized to oppose the spread of slavery, and in later days it undertook the task of abolishing slavery and establishing the unity of the states — and it succeeded nobly. But when slavery was abolished, and the unity of the states was recognized, there came a time when the patriots rested, when the men who pushed the party into power felt that their work was done, and that they might withdraw from active life and leave the hard business of government to others. The others to whom they left that hard business were those who had been pushed into power by the party. These men were not the patriots who had saved the country. They were only the useful partisans, who had been assigned to public office to carry out the will of their leaders. When those leaders retired to private life — and the leading spirits of the Republican Party certainly did withdraw from active influence over government affairs at the close of the war — these partisans found themselves in supreme command. We do not mean to assert that the leading Republican politicians retired from active service at the close of the war. Far from it. But the great civilians who led the fight for national unity ceased to trouble themselves about the country's future as soon as the fact of national union was established — and it was to the professional politicians that they left the management of national affairs.

With what result? Well, the result became apparent before the end of President Grant's first term. It was apparent, proved and unmistakable before his second term had begun to draw to a close. General Grant was a soldier, and, whatever his detractors may have found to say, one of the greatest soldiers who ever led great armies to victory. He was, moreover, an honest and patriotic man. He loved his country, and he always meant and heartily wished to do what was right. This is clear enough to us now that he is dead. It was not always clear enough

during his life; but this was owing simply and solely to the fact that when he was President he occupied a false position. He was a great general, and a bad president. He had no fitness for the place, and he wronged himself and the country while he occupied it.

He made his appointments to office according to the dictates of party policy. He chose not the best men, but the men whom the party politicians liked best. When these men were once in office, he had no capacity for guiding or restraining them. He had been a great general in military life: in civil life, he proved himself, then and afterwards, signally incompetent. Thus it came to pass that the administration of this brave and honest soldier was distinguished by the most remarkable series of scandals that ever disgraced the national government.

Was this strange? Not at all. The politicians who held office under President Grant had discovered two facts: 1st: that he did not know how to control them; 2nd: that, by establishing themselves in their places by a judicious use of the government patronage, they could divert to their own use a vast amount of the money which the government handled. These facts had been known before, but we owe their application on a scientific basis to the ring-organizers of the Grant administration — a poor lot of political financiers compared with the Quays and Dudleys of to-day; but great men in their time.

These were the first men to see how politics could be conducted on a business basis for business ends. What had been done before in the way of unsystematic, individual enterprise, they did systematically as a vast and powerful corporation. They made politics pay, as a business, and they founded what is to-day the greatest business organization in the world, and the most profitable. To keep the support of those people who can not be bribed, and who prefer to vote on questions of principle, their successors retain the war-cries that stirred the heart of that old Republican Party that fought slavery and disunion. Practically, they are in politics for business solely. We shall print, next week, one of their business documents, and we shall make some calculation of the profit they find in governing the United States.



REASON ENOUGH.

EDITOR'S WIFE. — That was Mr. Fullcaps we just met; why did n't you return his salutation?
ABSENT-MINDED EDITOR. — Eh? Er — because he did n't send any stamps with it, I suppose.

THE VANQUISHED MAN.

WHO SPEAKS of freedom's joy to me
In accents brave?
Ah, let who will, or can, be free;
I am a slave!

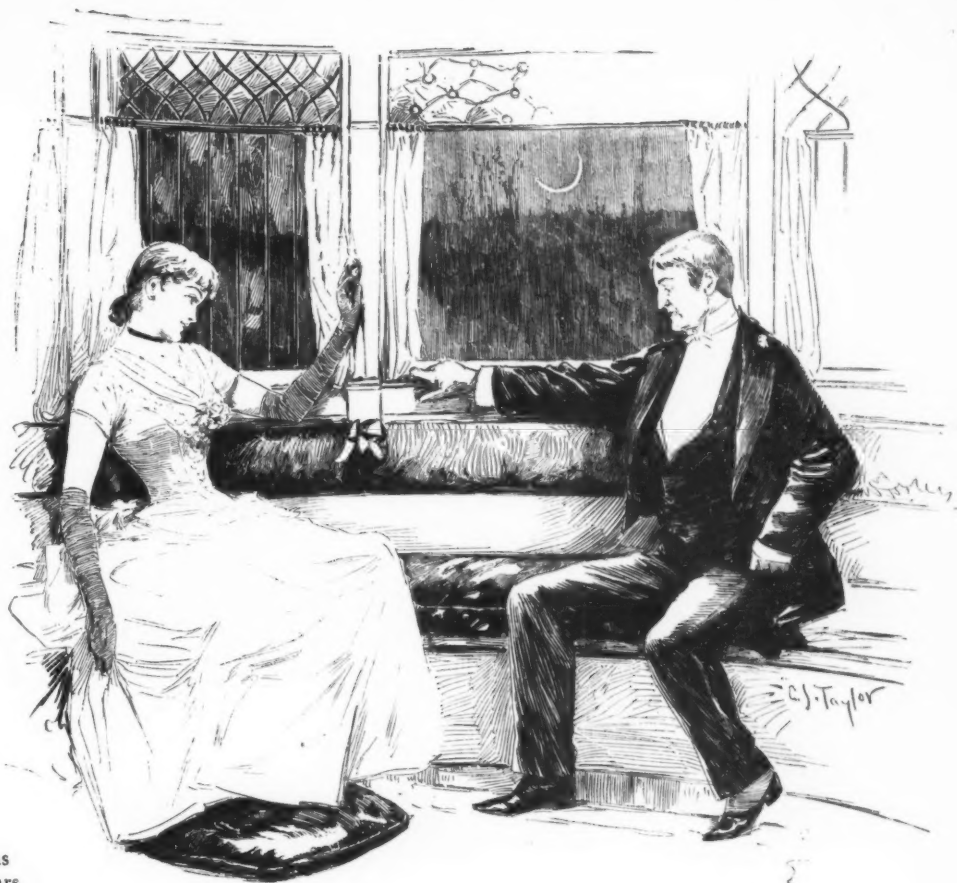
No chains my limbs or body fret
With twist and twinge—
No dungeon walls all 'round me set,
And yet I cringe;

I bend, I bow, I sneak, I slink,
I crawl and creep;
I scarcely ever get a wink
Of quiet sleep.

Above my breath I dare not speak,
Upstairs I steal,
Fearful my shoes might chance to squeak,
Or door-hinge squeal—

You wonder why my manhood bows
Thus basely low?
There's a new baby in the house—
Now, do you know?

M. S. Bridges.



MILKING IN THE SOUTHWEST.



IT WAS several years ago, when I was younger than now—both in years and in New Mexico. Juan Rey had lassoed a yearling, with the other end around his waist, and had last been heard from down in Sierra County, still pleading with the steer to pause and consider. The place was therefore short by two maul-like but useful hands, and Don Amado came to me and said:

"Can you milk?"

"Milk? Course I can. I was raised that way."

"Well, I wish you'd come out and help us. There are only three men in the house, and I hate to tackle such a job short-handed."

We went out to the corral, fenced with tortuous trunks or cedar. The lair of her cornucopious ladyship, the cow, was there. So was Casimiro, with a fifty-foot riata. Don Amado had brought a fence-rail. I was unarmed. The fest took off their coats, and I followed that integral part of a suit.

"Are you ready?" asked Don Amado, with compressed lips.

Casimiro swung his noose deftly, and caught the old sorrel around the horns. She seemed surprised, and expostulated; but at last we tripped and threw her with the rail, at considerable epidermic expense, and bound her hand and foot. I was lost in astonishment at these proceedings, but refrained from advertising, and did as do the Romans.

The cow was now pried up, and was leaned against the side of the corral, being blindfolded with my bandana. We had failed to provide a gag—which I regretted shortly afterward, when she gave me a dimple where I could take no real pride in showing it.

Then, while the others held the guy-ropes taut, I caught on. I let go twice as fast. When they unwound me from the cedar-stubs, I saw I must try some other way. We extracted a couple of posts, and I tried it from the other side of the fence.

But it was no go—she would not give down. Nor would I give up, *tampoco*. I mounted to her back and faced to the rear, thinking to reach down and persuade the lact.



WANTED TO KNOW THE DISTANCE.

MR. GUSTUS PEW.—Will you remember me when I am far away?
MISS SALLY DAY.—How far away are you going?

flu. with approximate safety. But at this the rope capitulated, Casimiro was let in on the mud floor, I was bucked into the horse-pond, and the cow began to scale the fence.

Her preface started out well; but the posts were too high for her sequel, and she hung balanced across the fence, a bovine see-saw. Then was the hour of our triumph. Her hind feet were at once anchored down to the posts, and we three sat on her neck and horns to keep that end down, while poor Madalena hobbled out and did the milking.

That done, we had only to chop down the fence, ease up our ropes, and let sorrel go. Simplest thing in the world, when you know how. It seemed a bit complicated then; but I soon recovered from my surprise. With immaterial variations, that's the way we always milk.

C. F. L.

THE OPENING JEST.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I will give you ten minutes recess every day if you will kindly remit the usual school tacks." And then, as he sat down and suddenly rose again, he realized that he had not spoken in time.

AYE, TRULY!

"Well, well, the order of the day at present seems to be nothing but rain."

"The order of the day! Why, Great Scott, man, it's the disorder!"

A DANGEROUS BRUTE.

"Was the dog a setter?"

"No. It was a sicker."

THE MAN who boasted that he was "as regular as the sun" forgot that that luminary rises only twice in the year at the same time.

MAN MAY BE fond of "soft snaps;" but childhood prefers the crisp ones.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. BEGOSH.

IT WAS a lovely Spring morning when Dr. Begosh arose to a sitting posture in his bed, feeling as if the roof of his head were floating in the air. Dr. Begosh had been to a little reunion of twenty or thirty classmates of '81, and there had been cheese and salmon and apollinaris and other things.

"I wonder what I ate?" mused the doctor, holding his temples; "must have been rosin or alum; I'm all puckered up; and what a strange buzzing in my head! I wonder what's the matter with me? What makes my hand shake so?"

The gentle reader may wonder why a doctor should not know his own ailments; but the gentle reader does not know a doctor in private life.

Doctor Begosh arose and drank a quart of water, and then drew on his garments with some difficulty. When he came to his hat, he found to his dismay that it was much too small for his head, and only a careful inspection convinced him that it was his own.

"I wonder," he repeated again, "what is the matter with me? I believe I'll see Doctor McSwat."

Doctor Begosh had been in practice about eighteen years, but was not troubled with patients, which did not trouble him, as he was in receipt of a large income from a deluded aunt.

In five minutes the doctor had felt his way to the street, and almost the first man he met was Doctor Blupil.

"Ah, Begosh," said Blupil, affably, "howdy, howdy? Not looking well; bilious, my boy, bilious—take blue mass and follow up with castor-oil. Ta-ta—"

"I thought I was bilious," said Begosh, gloomily.

"I've had such a dull feeling—Ah, Doctor Sawem! I was on my way to see you. I have such a queer feeling in my head."

"Say no more," said Sawem, pleasantly; "I can see it in your eyes. Incipient aneurism of the heart. Must take care of yourself; avoid excitement, and take this three times a day."

He dashed off a prescription and walked away, leaving Begosh all in a tremble.

"I never noticed it before, but now," said he to himself; "I believe I do perceive a weakness in the cardiac region. Ah! there's Megrim; he's a specialist in heart and lungs."

Doctor Megrim drew his friend in a convenient doorway and tapped him around a bit.

"Rather peculiar symptoms," he said, gravely.

"I understand," said Doctor Begosh.

"My heart—"

"Heart be—blowed," said Doctor Megrim. "There's nothing the matter with your heart; but I think I detect—yes, I am certain there are symptoms of pulmonary tuberculosis. Have n't time now to go into extended diagnosis—call around this evening."

Doctor Begosh was so overcome that it was all he could do to walk to McSwat's office. He found that learned man in deep discussion with Doctor Cardiac, from Boston.

"Begosh, happy to see you—Cardiac—Begosh. What! not sick? Well, well! Let me see tongue. Pulse. Hum—haw! Well, really, it looks—I don't say it is—but it looks like cirrhosis of the liver."

"What!" gasped poor Begosh. "Very much like cirrhosis," said McSwat, complacently. "What is your opinion, Cardiac?"

"You're right," said Cardiac. "But, don't you think"—walks twice around Begosh—"don't you think there are symptoms of Bright's Disease?"

"Well—hum—haw—yes," said McSwat, courteously agreeing in his turn. "If I were you, Begosh—"

But Begosh had seized his hat and fled.

"Blast it all!" he exclaimed, resentfully; "I can't have had all those fatal diseases and not know any thing about it until to-day. Yet, I can't deny that I do feel very queer all over—"



NEEDLESS ALARM.

DOCTOR NEGUS.—Why, man, it's lucky you called me. You've got a lump on your back as big as a platter! MR. CALLIS.—Hold on, Doc. You've got hold of the hot-water-bag my wife just put on.

"Hello, Begosh!" cried a young man, saluting him with a hearty slap on the back. "Well, you did yourself proud at the feed last night. By Jove, how eloquent you were after that second bowl of punch!"

"Don't!" said Begosh, appealingly. "It makes me shudder to talk of festivities. If you knew what was the matter with me, Carver, you'd—"

"I do know," replied Dr. Carver, promptly. "I've been there lots of times."

"Eh?" said Begosh. "Aneurism, cirrhosis, Bright's Disease—"

"What!" roared Carver. "Why, old man, you've simply been having a jag on you, and what you want is a cocktail, or gin-fizz. What shall it be?"

Thirty minutes later, Drs. Begosh and Carver were manipulating the ivories on a green cloth, and Begosh was explaining that if the history of his case was published it would ruin the profession.

But it won't.

Sidney.



THE SLOT MOVEMENT.

HUNGRY WANDERER.—I've be'n in der travelin' biz some years now, but dis is der most benevolent snap I ever struck!

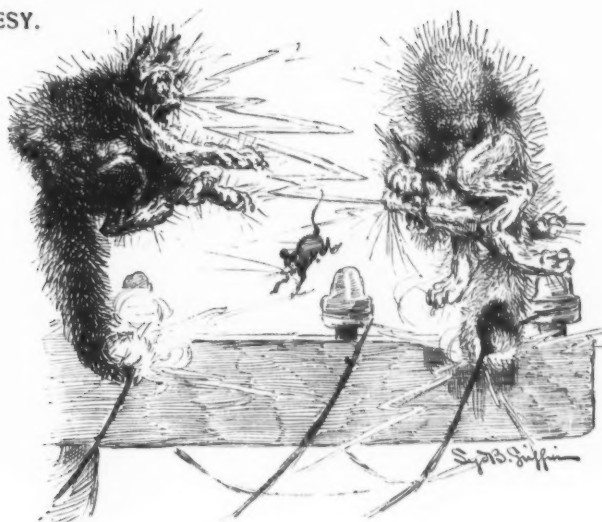


INVENTOR (at window).—She works better 'n I s'posed she would!

HIGH TENSION COURTESY.



TOM. — Eat a philopena with me this morning,
Tab? Pwr-r-rang!
TAB. — With pleasure. Me —



TOM. } — O-o-o-w-w-w!!!
TAB. }



THE RAILROAD MAN.

SOME RAILROAD MEN are made up out of ordinary mortals; but most of them are born that way. It may be noted in the incipient railroader that even during the tender months of babyhood he will shriek like a freight-engine, if his feed is not properly attended to. Growing older, he sometimes gets off the track of absolute rectitude, and is switched back by the Superintendent of the Domestic Department.

As soon as he is old enough to stray around with other boys, he goes straight for the railway switch-yard, if there is one in the same county. Here he spends his time jumping on and off trains, and learning the vocabulary. Other boys do the same thing, get run over and are killed; but he — never.

By-and-by, after he has not been killed a number of times, the trainmen submit to the inevitable, and stop putting him off. Then he is happy; he rides on top of the cars, polishes the brake handles, and uses a code of signals that would make the everlasting fortune of a deaf mute. Some day he tries his hand at coupling up, and has a couple of fingers smashed, not so very badly, but enough to draw blood, and make arnica and a rag bandage necessary.

This is the proudest, happiest day of his life; never in after-years, even when, as General Manager, he may speak haughtily to a baggage-man, or ride on the express engine with a cinder in his eye, can he extract so much real pleasure out of life as he now derives from those two crippled fingers in a dirty rag.

"Done it down to the switch-yard, couplin' up," he explains to questioning friends, and he grows a little taller every time he says it.

It won't be long now before you find him regularly employed braking on the through-freight, waving his hands to every pretty girl along the line, and highly contemptuous of any one who is not, like himself, "in the hardware line." "Buckwheat-er" is his comprehensive term for all non-railroaders, no matter what their calling. From brakeman to conductor, from conductor to train-despatcher, and then to Superintendent are easy steps for the born railroader, and then he has only to keep his eyes open, and success is assured.

Within the next few years he will very probably be a Railroad King, and a power in state politics. But with power come cares before unknown, and not all the prestige and salary can make him so happy and light-hearted as when he first smashed his fingers coupling two empty freight cars on a cross-road's siding.

C. N. Hall,

HERCULEAN LABORS.

MISS OVERLY. — No, Tom is n't here; he has no time for frivolities; he is editor of a paper now, and has just all that he can do. It does require so much correspondence and so much thought in the arrangement of details in preparing the matter for publication. Really, I think it will undermine his health if he continues to apply himself so closely.

MISS ASKER. — Is it a daily paper?

MISS OVERLY. — No; it's the *Chatty Chautauquan* — comes out every other month.

SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

MISS PLACIDA SIMPERTHY. — My dear Mr. Greaves, pray tell me why are you putting fresh tan-bark before your door?

MR. GREAVES. — Ah, don't you know, my wife is very ill.

MISS SIMPERTHY. — May I run up to see her?

MR. GREAVES. — No, no. She's gone to Barbados.



"FAVORS FOR THE GERMAN" — St. Louis Politics.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA — Wun Lung.

A CASH BUYER — The Purchaser of "Green Goods."

FRIDAY is the Irish checkmate.

HOW TO DRINK IN WISDOM — Swallow Sage Tea.

MAN OVERBOARD — The Ticket Agent.

LOCKS OF JET — Where you Turn off the Gas.

ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM — The Sullivan Jolt.

A KENTUCKY MINORITY — Those who are not Majors.

A RETREATING DISPOSITION — "Set 'em Up again."

AS IT WAS WRITTEN — "Can you lend me Ten?"

THE WORLD'S FAIR — The Women.

ALL ALONG THE LINE — Clothes-pins.

IN AT THE DEATH — The Bullet Out of the Gun that was n't Loaded.

A WARNING FROM ABOVE.

JACK UPPERS (who has just been refused by THE ELDER MISS MILLIARD, to THE YOUNGER MISS MILLIARD). — Dearest, be mine — you are the only woman I have ever loved!

THE ELDER MISS MILLIARD (warming her toes upstairs). — Take care — thy vows are registered above!

FADS OF THE FAMOUS.

Jay Gould is a collector of coins and railroads.

Joel B. Erhardt is one of our best-known collectors. He goes in for customs duties and smugglers.



The Hon. J. R. Fellows has the finest lot of untried criminal cases in his possession ever seen. The Horrors in the British Museum are as nothing beside it.

President Harrison has a mania for collecting relatives. He keeps each one in a separate office.

The German Emperor is collecting kisses of Potentates. He has five unique specimens from the Czar of Russia. His collection now lacks only that of his grandmother to be complete.

General Boulanger has given up collecting seats in the French Chamber of Deputies for a while, and is now devoting his attention to the restoration of his boom, which was broken into several fragments in a late election difficulty.

Mr. Wannamaker's collection of Postage Stamps is very large. He includes in his catalogue, stamps of all denominations except Roman Catholic, Baptist and Unitarian.

The Sultan of Turkey's hobby runs to wives. His collection is said to be the finest in Europe.

Since Mr. Depew's elevation to the Presidency of the New York Central, that corporation has given up to a considerable extent its superb collection of deadheads, and has gone into the cultivation of billheads with receipts attached.

We judge that Commissioner Coleman has given up collecting the various styles of mud to be found in New York streets, to which he showed much devotion when he first started in.

THE DIFFERENCE between a bill-board and a board-bill is that you stick things on one and are sometimes stuck on the other.

THE MAN with small feet does n't exactly trample on his pride, but he walks on it.



CONSOLATION.

OFFICER TULLY. — It's sorry Oi am t' see ye this way, Cusick. Pfwat ails ye?
OFFICER CUSICK. — Oi hov a bad felon.
OFFICER TULLY. — Ye hov? Sure you're in luck.
It's th' foorst wan ye caught since j'inin' th' foorce.



HIGH ART.

SCUMBLE (of the hanging committee). — What shall we do with this angel of Dobb's?
THUMTAC. — Why, sky it, of course!

COUNSEL ASSIGNED.

MR. RISING BRIEFLY. — How's that case of Bill Jenkins getting along? I see you've taken charge of it.

MR. SNAP GAMMON. — Oh, first-rate; I just got fifty dollars out of him, and he's to give me another fifty in the morning.

MR. RISING BRIEFLY. — That's good; but where's Bill?

MR. SNAP GAMMON. — Bill? Oh, he's all right. He's in jail.

HE HAD A DELICACY.

"Let me look at your winter underwear, please," said the stylish young lady, as she stood at the counter of the dry-goods store.

"Excuse me, Madam," answered the obliging clerk, as he shivered unconsciously; "but I am still wearing my summer clothes."

BETWEEN THE MILLSTONES.

He who gives credit
Will soon have to ask for it;
And when other's faults break him,
Is taken to task for it.

OCULAR EVIDENCE.

THYMPACY. — So, Calfbound's library was burned, was it? Pretty serious loss, I judge.

SCYNYC. — Well, perhaps. Heavy volumes of smoke went up, any how.

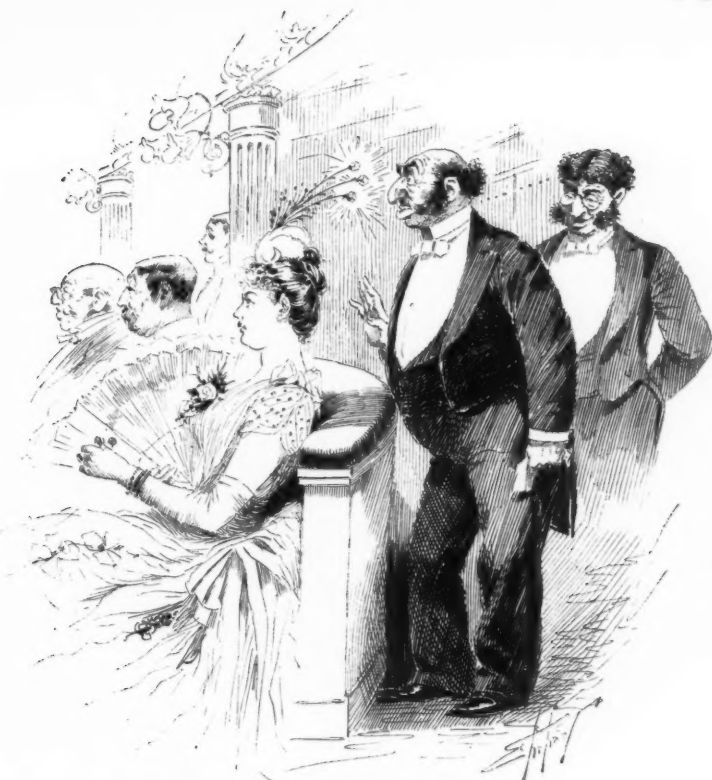
TO THE "KICKER."

The will of the people you safely may cross,
But don't lay your fingers upon the Ward Boss!



THE PEN is mightier than the sword; but the pencil is n't much good without the knife.

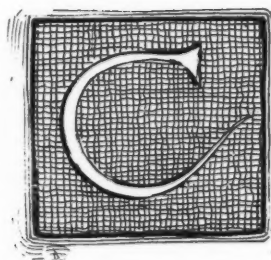
THE BUNCO-STEERER does not handle the rudder, Mr. Farmer; but he is an expert in working the tiller.



HIS ATTENTION DISTRACTED.

HAFSTEIN (at the opera).—Dot vos great singin', Abe.
GOLDFOLE.—Singin'! I can't do noddings but see, Haffy.

IN CONFIDENCE.



CHARLES HASTY.—Since you make a point or inquiring on the subject, I can't deny that I have cared for other girls before—very charming girls some of them were, too. But suppose we let the matter drop right here. I should reproach myself if I gave you cause for jealousy.

CORA LEVELHEAD.—Yes; I can understand that feeling. That is the reason I have kept silent concerning some little affairs of my own which—

CHARLES.—Oh, that is entirely different. Of course, there should be the most perfect confidence between engaged people.

CORA.—I see what you mean! Well, then, it's only right to tell you that there was a pretty boy at boarding-school who was awfully fond of me; and the Summer after I graduated, there was a bashful youth living near where we were staying in the country, who used to tease me for just one kiss. Wasn't he a goose to only want one?

CHARLES (austerely).—Really, I can not say.

CORA (warming to the subject).—Then, let me see. Oh, yes! There was the immensely wealthy widower with unusually broad shoulders. What was it he used to say about liking to see young heads on old shoulders? I can't recall it now. And the fascinating clergyman who made me experience a change of heart—a change from hard to soft, you know—and a host of cousins—far removed only in the sense of relationship; and a perfectly adorable artist, who had a delightfully artistic way of taking a kiss—never grabbed and snatched as you do—besides a lovely young fellow who—

CHARLES (bearing up heroically).—Really, Miss Levelhead, these disclosures are surprising, to say the least. They show that truth is stranger than fiction.

CORA (softly).—No, Charley; they merely show that truth is rarer than fiction.

CHARLES (with immense relief).—Cora, am I to understand that you invented the bits of autobiography you have just favored me with, "and the same with intent to deceive?"

CORA (solemnly).—I assure you they are taken from life; (after a sad silence for some moments,) partly my life, partly the life of other people.

CHARLES.—You never really cared for any one but me?

CORA (confidingly).—Not any more than you ever really cared for any one but me. Would n't it be rather silly, dear, to expect the people we used to fancy to affect our affection?

CHARLES.—Perfectly absurd!

FULFILLED ITS MISSION.

Brown-Séquard's "elixir of life" is reported to have acted as a speedy and fatal poison on an old Kentucky negro.—*Traveler's Record*.

Well, what of it? Did not Herr Brown-Séquard Engage by his concoction to produce Eternal life, and thus grim death discard, In him who'd rightly use his wondrous juice? This aged negro took the dose, and went Far from the busy haunts of horse and colonel; And since his earthly days at last are spent, Where can he be but in the life eternal?

A SOCIAL CRIME.

PUNLEY (walking downtown with Bizley).—So your tailor is named Brown? You might call him Dun Brown, might n't you, Bizley?

BIZLEY (silly).—I might, Punley; but the fact that I don't do that sort of thing makes it possible for my friends to walk down Broadway with me without feeling homicidal impulses. Good morning, Punley; I'm going to take the cars.

CLOSE SEASON, TOO.

DE BANGE.—Ah, this bracing weather is just what it should be for the shooting season. I've half a mind to take my gun to-morrow and go out.

O'TRIGGER.—What do you find to shoot around here?

DE BANGE.—Light colored derby hats.

TEMPO RUBATO.

"Does that imported clock of yours keep time?"

"Not for any practical purposes. It might for one of Wagner's operas."

DEATH IN THE POT.

MR. SOFTPEDAL (assisting at a little game in Nevada).—Two tens will open a jackpot, won't they, if I get another in the draw?

MR. DROP (of the "Three Queens' Casino").—No; but they'll open a grave.

EDISON IS REPORTED as saying that the world will soon be "one vast ear." Perhaps this is the scientific method of calling the world an ass.

IT NOW SEEMS that the great beauty about electric execution is that a condemned criminal can be roasted alive, after the manner of the punishment formerly inflicted by the Indians on their enemies.

SOME MONTHS AGO the edict was sent forth, "The bustle must go!" From the graceful, gliding, sideling movement with which ladies sit down in a car to-day, it looks as if the bustle is still going.

SOME MEN can get along on their individual merits, but the oarsman must always be "a man with a pull."

WHEN A COUPLE of emperors embrace each other, and then run home and order a hundred thousand new rifles, it is an earnest of peace that is entitled to the respect of the public.

AJAX DEFIED the lightning, but he would have made a sorry figure at the end of a live electric-light wire.

HIGH PROTECTION.—A Seal-skin Overcoat.

THE BOYS HAD NOTICED.

MR. KIDBY NUPOP's anecdotes of the cleverness of his little boy, aged three months, hardly seemed to excite the interest which he looked for among his associates in Broad Street. But he found, the other day, on arriving at his accustomed stand, that the boys had only waited to choose a more substantial way of expressing their feelings.





HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF. — THE ROBBER BARONS OF THE

UCK.



J. Ottmann, Lith. PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.

THE MIDDLE AGES, AND THE ROBBER BARONS OF TO-DAY.

THE ARABIAN TRAVELER.

LETTER VIII.



OHAMMED BEN ALI to Ismail Mustapha, greetings and likewise strange tidings. Since I wrote to thee my last epistle, O Brother of the Holm-acorn! I have spent many days and several nights in the study of the manners and customs of this strange land in which I now find myself. Verily, I have seen many signs and wonders, and at times I have, as the street Arabs of Damascus are wont to remark, been "just about paralyzed."

One peculiarity of this country is its hypocrisy in regard to the dignity of labor. Much talk is expended here in the endeavor to convince strangers that the workingman is just as good in this happy land as any millionaire or ward politician. But the great difficulty, O Cousin-german of the Warbling Toucan! is that the workingman does not believe this himself. He proclaims aloud in public places that he is just as good as any other man, but his actions, to use the expression of the South Nubians, "go back on him."

The chief evidence that these Americans do not consider labor dignified is, to my foreign and unprejudiced perception, the earnest efforts they all make to earn a living without working. How, you ask me? By making wagers on any thing and everything under the sun. For instance, there are men who do nothing but travel on the treacherous seas in ships for the purpose of wagering money on the number of miles the vessel will make in a day, the number of the pilot boat she will meet on her arrival, and the excellence of the poker hands that the bettor will hold during the voyage. In order to earn a living in this way, and at the same time pass for a gentleman of wealth traveling for pleasure, these men spend more than half their lives exposed to the perils of the deep, shut up in a close ship, and sometimes suffering from that horrid sickness which the great ocean causes. I know how it will surprise thee, O Light of the Dark Valley! to know that any man tries to make a living out of poker, the game which with us is simply a recreation in the study of the mystic doctrine of probabilities. Surely we would be ashamed to degrade our scientific amusements in such a manner.

But how much more wilt thou be amazed when I tell thee how the Americans strive to grow rich by betting on horse races. The mere act of betting thou wilt not marvel at, for do not our Arabs often make wagers as to the excellence of our steeds and test them in a gallop over the great desert? But here are men who keep numbers of fine steeds simply and solely to race them for money. And that is not the worst of it. The whole people has gone mad on the subject. Every one, I may say, bets on horse races. The millionaire bets his thousands; the bricklayer, the mason, the clerk and the office boy bet their lives and even tens. And thou wilt ask me, do these bricklayers, masons, clerks, *et alii*, know so much about that noblest of animals, the horse, that they dare risk their small earnings on a race?

Prepare to be, as the Tibbish Bedouins have it, "knocked out," O Grand-uncle of the Chameleon! They know nothing whatever about the horse. More than that, they rarely, if ever, see the races on which their money is staked. Aye, more yet, many of them, I am sure, never saw a horse race at all!

How then do they bet? They go to the offices of the book-makers, or betting agents, in the heart of the city, and there

make their wagers on horses which they know only by name. It is all, as thou now seest, a desperate game of chance in which workingmen are striving to cheat Fortune and get rich without labor. And I tell thee now, O Brother-in-law of the Titillating Gul-gul! that I look upon this as one of the gravest menaces of the future welfare of this promising young country. Thou and I will not live to see the outcome, but I do fear that unless some measures be taken to check the growth of this evil, the Americans will become a nation of drones, resembling the character in our popular tale, Mica Wber, who, as the authoi says, was always "wai tin gfors ometh ingto tu rnup."



ON SEVENTH AVENUE.

POMP. — 'Pears to me dar's sumfin' queer 'bout de set ob dose pants of yours, Mose. Am dey ready-made?
MOSE. — No, sah; I don' wear no "hand-me-downs." Dose trousahs was made to measure!
POMP. — Sho—yo' don't say! Who 'or?

THE WORM TURNED.

MR. BULLY RAGG. — Now, sir, you have stated, under oath, that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks, in your estimation?

DOWN-TRODDEN WITNESS. — Well, er—a gentleman looks—er—like—er—

MR. BULLY RAGG. — I don't want any of your ers, sir; and remember that you are on oath. Can you see any body in this court-room who looks like a gentleman?

WITNESS (*with sudden asperity*). — I can if you 'll stand out of the way. You're not transparent.

KILLING TWO BIRDS.

"Say, Jim," said Mr. Harrison, as his Secretary of State entered the room, "did you say your son Emmons was fond of beer?"

"Was fond of beer? He *is* fond of it."

"Then why can't we send him to Germany in some official capacity? That will please Bismarck, and the Prohibitionists will thank us for sending him out of the country."

THE REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY.

MISS RUBY TINN (*on Hallowe'en*). — Now, Mr. Askin, you must see whom you will marry. Name your chestnut. (*And this after she has refused him twice.*)

A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.

MILKMAN. — I want some cream-paper.

STATIONER. — Here, sir, is what you want, I think. It looks very much like the cream you've been furnishing me—very thin and very white.

HIC.

"Where is your saloon?"

"On Hicks Street."

"That's an appropriate place for a saloon."

THEIR GAME.

AMERICAN TRAVELER. — What is your chief diversion on this side the water?

LONDON MASHER. — Playing Poole.

THE WRONG ANIMAL.

"You don't mean to say he is the lion of the season?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"I judged from his manners he was more of a bear."

BOTH WRONG.

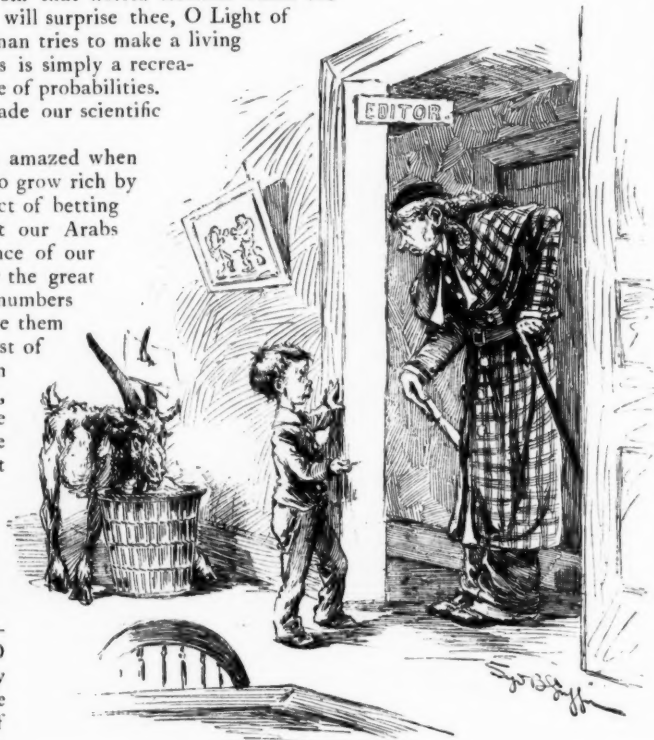
Takes two, they say,

To make a fight;

And when they quarrel

Neither's right.

Eva Lovett Carson.



A VALUABLE ASSISTANT.

MR. OLIVER WHITTIER LOWELL. — I sent a poem here yesterday, and I've called for a check.

OUR WIDE-AWAKE OFFICE-BOY. — I'm sorry, sir; but Mr. Williams, our manuscript-reader, is at lunch. Can you call again?



THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The Jury of Award Stamps the Productions of a Great Philadelphia Industry Superior in Merit to those of All the Brewers Throughout the Civilized World.

The Bergner and Engel Brewing Company.

A Colossal Establishment. — A Brilliant Career. — An Enormous Business Derived from the Purity and Excellence of Its Brewings. — A Record of Its Achievements.

For a second time the Universal Exposition at Paris has awarded The Bergner & Engel Brewing Company, of Philadelphia, the *Grand Prize*, the *Highest Award*, a *Grand Gold Medal*, for general excellence in Beer and all their productions. The greatness of the achievement and the value of this great distinction is in the fact that it was made against all competitors throughout the civilized world.

During the past twenty years the productions of The Bergner & Engel Brewing Company, of Philadelphia, have never failed to carry off the highest Awards wherever exhibited and whenever brought into competition with other Beers and subjected to a test by competent judges. In 1876 the company was awarded the Diploma and Two Medals at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, for the purest and best beer exhibited. At that time the leading brewers from all parts of the world were in competition for the Award, and the Commission was composed of the recognized leading experts of America, Germany, France and other nations.

Two years later, at the Paris Exposition, The Bergner & Engel Brewing Company entered against the best brewings of Germany, Austria, France, England, and other foreign nations, and again it carried off the Grand Prize.

Last year this famous Philadelphia beverage was brought into competition with the best products of Europe at the Brussels Exposition, securing the *Highest Award* and a *Diploma of Honor*.

There can be no doubt of the superiority of the Company's products over all others, after the judges of the World's Fairs have uniformly awarded them all the first prizes. The Bergner & Engel Brewing Company have for twenty years vanquished the foreign brewers in every competition of analytical tests.

In addition to these grand prizes at the big World's Fairs the Bergner & Engel Brewing Company have carried off the first awards at State and Inter-State Fairs, too numerous to mention, and they never entered a competition that they did not capture the first premium. The plant of The Bergner & Engel Brewing Company is one of the largest in the world, and they export their Beer to all parts of the globe. This Company could not have achieved their remarkable success and gained such an enviable reputation for their Beer if they did not use the finest malts, hops, and other ingredients, and if the greatest skill and care was not exercised in its manufacture. Chemical analysis has repeatedly demonstrated the absolute purity of the Bergner and Engel Brewings.

Avoid the Accidents of Disease,

Such as Sudden Chills,
Cramp & Colic, by using

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ESTABLISHED 1822 PHILAD'A, PA.
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silks a silk worm? — *Epoch*.



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and Embraces the Latest and Highest Achievements of Inventive Skill.
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FREQUENTLY late election returns seem to come very
properly from outlying districts. — *Merchant Traveler*.



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Is a wrought-iron, fire-proof,
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WAX TABLEAUX.—ART GALLERY.—ERDELYI NACZ'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.
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BY A SELECT COMPANY OF 16 BEAUTIFUL LADIES.—Admission, 50 Cts. Children, 25 Cts.

NO MEAN TEMPERATURE THERE.

RECENT ARRIVAL (at a new Rocky Mountain
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the mean temperature here for last month?

HOTEL CLERK.—We don't have no mean
temperature hyur; it's all good. — *Harper's
Bazar*.

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"Self-denial," said a traveling man to another,
"is a trait that will be found in nearly every
woman. It seems to be an essential part of her
nature. She is equal to almost every self-denial."

"And yet," was the rejoinder, "how few of
them are equal to a sealskin sack-rifice." —
Merchant Traveler.

SIMPLY PERFECT.

The Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has
equipped its trains with dining cars of the latest pattern, and on
and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council
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Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market
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THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO.,

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THE GREATEST INVENTION OF
EVERY THE AGE. HAVE IT.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CAN.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

THE stage Indians might be properly called "Lo"
comedians. — *Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Simpson, Crawford & Simpson.

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Fall and Winter shades, for evening,
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Men's Jouvin Pique Gloves, nervure embroidered,
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and nervure embroidered, \$1.69 pair.

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ALSO,

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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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A FICTITIOUS traveling man with a check to cash might be called a snare drummer. — *Merchant Traveler*.



See the New Game.

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When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that some one in the house will soon receive a licking.

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It contains better material.
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Its great success is due to merit.
It can not be duplicated by any other manufacturer.

It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other \$3 shoe advertised.

\$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.

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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 AND \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES.

Both Ladies' Shoes are made in sizes from 1 to 7, including half sizes, and B, C, D, E and EE widths.

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"The French Opera," "The Spanish Arch Opera," "The American Common Sense," "The Medium Common Sense." All made in Button in the Latest Styles. Also, French Opera in Front

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WHEN a collegian is in the first course, he is adjudged to be in the soup. — *Yonkers Gazette*.

THERE seems to have been paragraphs enough about the carpet trust to put it down by this time. — *Exchange*.

Best Made
Fountain, \$1.50
Style, \$1.00,
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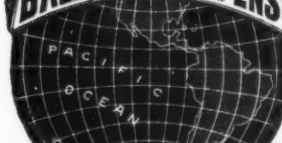
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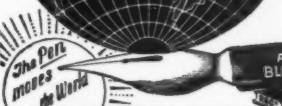
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Is a gun thought to be doing great execution when it hangs fire? — *Yonkers Gazette.*

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"Bottle o' pop, mister."
"Jest out o' pop, bub."
"Ball o' pop-corn, then." — *Harper's Bazar.*



"SOUP SHOULD NOT FORM THE WHOLE MEAL, OR EVEN a substantial part of it," says that autocrat of the breakfast, dinner and tea-table, *Marion Harland*, but is the introduction to the ceremony of dining—the overture to the stately opera. The French never omit it. Their preliminary course is soup, light, clear and varied in flavor and appearance." The reason why Americans are not more fond of soup is because they rarely taste it. Cooks that can make soup are almost as scarce as hen's teeth. If you want to know what soup is try ours. First class grocers everywhere, join in the testimony to its superior quality.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consomme, Mullagatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Olean Broth.

Send us 14 cents to help pay express and receive a sample can, your choice.

The Franco-American Food Co.,

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LUCKY FOR HIM.
SMITH.—I hear you fought at Gettysburg.
ROBINSON.—Yes; and was badly wounded.
SMITH.—Where?
ROBINSON.—In my substitute. — *Epoch.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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Full Nickel Plated.
Octagon Ribbed Barrel, Fluted Cylinder, Patent Shell Ejector, Checkered Rubber Stock, Saw Handle, 5 Shots, .38 Caliber Rim or Central Fire, 3 1/2 inch Barrel. 1 lb.
The Best Revolver in the market for the money. By mail, to any address, \$5.00. **The Alford & Berkele Co., P. O. Box 2002, 77 Chambers St., New York.**

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FRESH FRUIT JAMS,**

Made from English Fresh Fruits
AND REFINED SUGAR,
ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS
IN THE UNITED STATES.

A good thing for young speculators to remember is that as a rule there is something crooked about a straight tip. — *Harper's Bazar.*

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." — *Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists,
London, England.

Koch & Co.
6th Ave. & 20th St.
NEW YORK.

offer this season the very latest Novelties in fine



FURS,

such as
**SHOULDER CAPES,
RUSSIAN COLLARS,
MUFFS, BOAS,
LADIES' and GENTS'
CAPS and HATS, &c.,**

made of
**SEAL, SABLE, MINK,
PERSIAN LAMB,
MONKEY, ASTRACHAN,
&c., &c.**

**Correct in Style,
Perfect in Shape,
Superior in Workmanship,**

At ONE-THIRD LESS than similar goods are sold by SO
CALLED MANUFACTURING FURRIERS.

SPECIAL.

Astrachan Shoulder Capes	\$10 00
Cape Seal (London dye) Capes	12 00
(Can not be distinguished from Alaska seal.)	
Persian Lamb Capes	15 00
Sable Capes (all capes 15 inches long)	25 00
Alaska Seal Muffs	10 00

**6th Ave. and 20th Street,
NEW YORK.**

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb
box of candy by express, prepaid, east
of Denver or west of New York. Suitable
for presents. Sample orders soli-
cited. Address,

**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.**

GALLUP NOVELTY WORKS.

**W. P. VAN ZILE, Proprietor, FINE LINEN, EXTRA QUALITY.
TROY, N. Y.**
MANUFACTURERS OF
TRADE MARK **LADIES' AND GENTS' LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS**
Boston, 48 Summer Street; Baltimore, 34 Sharp Street;
Omaha, 10th & Farnam Sts., New York, 8 Greene St.

OVERTON.
MORE than half the papers in the world are printed in
English — bad English, many of them. — *Tex. Siftings.*

DO YOU SMOKE?
"IDEAL CIGARS," made of
Finest Imported Tobacco —
BEST VALUE ever offered.
100 for \$4.00. 50 for \$2.00.
Postpaid, A. J. SWALM & CO.,
Eighth and Lehigh Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

The Best Tonic for All Kidney Troubles.



SWAN GIN!

PRESCRIBED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND DEALERS.
A MAN with a bee in his bonnet should be sure of a
lively-hood. — *Merchant Traveler.*

FACTS.

Nudis Verbis.

A HIGH CLASS CHAMPAGNE.

Piper-Heidsieck, Sec,

is as good as any Wine imported, and is sold in
these United States by Importer, Wine Merchant,
Grocer, and Restaurateur at less profit than any
other brand: *id est,*

Better Value to Consumer.

FACTS.

EXPLAINED.

"I see the French people call a chestnut a
'rossignol'?" said Squibsby, the funny man.
"I don't see the connection, really, because a
rossignol is a nightingale."

"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Squibsby, "may be
they've all heard a nightingale before." —
Harper's Bazar.

England is called John Bull; but there is no so-
briquet for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.
Salvation Oil is the result of years of study to pro-
duce a perfect liniment at a small cost.

Vigor, vitality and a healthy appetite, imparted by a little
Angostura Bitters every morning. Sole Manufacturers, Dr. J. G.
B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

The most popular number in a lottery — The number
won. — *Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

SCOTT'S EMULSION

**DOES CURE
CONSUMPTION**

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

Arnold, Constable & Co. UNDERWEAR.

"CARTWRIGHT & WARNER'S"
CELEBRATED MAKE OF

Cashmere and Merino Shirts and Drawers for
Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

Natural Wool, Fancy Cashmere, Scarlet Wool, Camel's
Hair, Medium and Extra Weight in

Pure Silk Goods.

Broadway & 19th St.

New York

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE. — A
few good men to sell
our goods by sample to the wholesale
and retail trade. We are the largest
manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Perma-
nent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full
terms address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

STYLE AND COMFORT FOR GENTLEMEN.

HAVING ACCOMPLISHED A METHOD OF GIVING
THE VERY BEST MATERIALS, TRIMMINGS AND
WORKMANSHIP WHICH CONSTITUTES A STRICTLY
FIRST-CLASS SUIT OF CLOTHES OR OVERCOAT, WE
ARE PREPARED TO GIVE OUR CUSTOMERS THE
BENEFIT THEREOF AT ABOUT ONE-HALF THE
PRICE USUALLY CHARGED BY MERCHANT TAILORS
GENERALLY.

OUR STAFF OF CUTTERS IS UNSURPASSED BY
THAT OF ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT IN THE
WORLD.

OUR WORKROOMS ARE LOCATED ON THE PREM-
ISES, THEREBY ENABLING US TO GIVE PERSONAL
SUPERVISION, AND ALL GARMENTS MADE BY US
ARE THOROUGHLY EXAMINED BEFORE DELIVERY,
AND MUST PLEASE THE WEARER.

OUR STOCK IS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO GRADE,
WITH TICKETS ATTACHED AND PRICES MARKED
THEREON IN PLAIN FIGURES.

SUITS TO ORDER, \$16, \$20, \$22.50 & \$25.

TROUSERS, \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$7.

OVERCOATS, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$22 and \$25.

OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE IS HANDED TO
EVERY CUSTOMER, WHETHER ASKED FOR OR NOT,
WARRANTING OUR GARMENTS IN EVERY PAR-
TICULAR FOR ONE YEAR.
SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, TAPE MEASURE,
AND OUR SIMPLE GUIDE FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT,
MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

ARNHEIM'S Mammoth Tailoring Establishment, BOWERY AND SPRING ST., NEW YORK.

THE hair around a lion's neck is his mane protection.
— *Merchant Traveler.*

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS



The Great English Medicine. Generally affirmed to be
"Worth a Guinea a Box."

But sold by all Druggists at 45 Cents.

**For Sick Headache,
Constipation,
Weak Stomach,
Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver,**

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens,
Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents for United States,
365 & 397 Canal St., New York.

who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's
Pills on receipt of price — but inquire first. Please mention PUCK.



WILL DO IT. Our Beard Edixir will force a
Beard in 20 days. Mustache in 20 days. Full
Beard in 30. Sample package, postpaid 15c.
2 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c. AGENTS WANTED.
HOWARD MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

WANTED — DRIVER

for an Advertising Wagon in your County, two to three
years work to reliable men. Goods to be advertised in all
parts of the United States. We want reliable hands at
once to work for us in their own locality and attract pub-
lic attention to our new and wonderful household inven-
tions in their own county and vicinity by means of an ad-
vertising Wagon. No peddling, no experience required.
Advertising matter to be nailed up around all principal
Cross Roads. \$2.75 per day and hotel expenses paid
to the right parties: everything furnished, money allowed
for horse hire and other expenses. Four to six days' work
each week. Address with stamp **GLOBE MANUFACTURING CO.,** 287 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Don't send postals, you can afford to send your correspondence.



FACIAL BLEMISHES

The largest Establishment in the World for
the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema,
Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks,
Moths, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red
Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads,
Barber's Itch, Scars, Pitting, Powder Marks,
Rinsing, Facial Development, etc. Send
10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin im-
perfections and their treatment.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 West 49th Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
P. S. — Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and
scalp for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.



DELICATE GROUND.
APPALE BOSTON MAN.—The papers are giving a great deal of space to this subject of the World's Fair in 1892, and the indications are that it will be the grandest Exposition that ever—



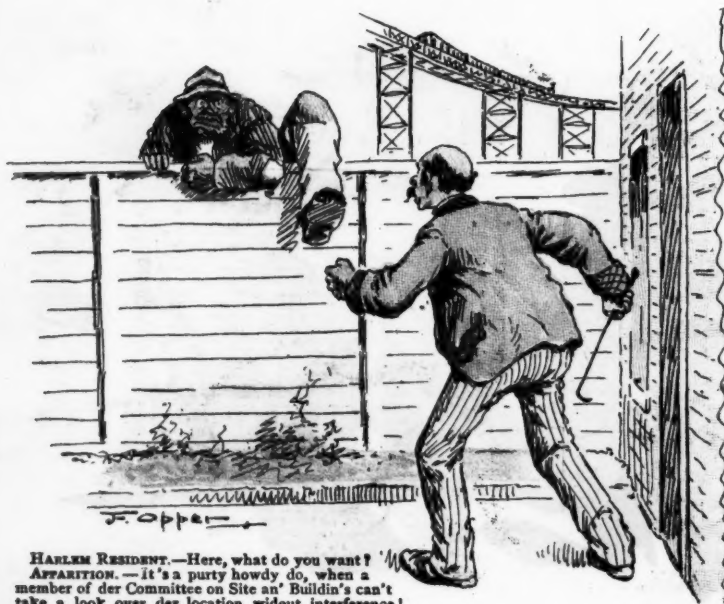
FIRST STRANGER.—And it'll beheld in New York, and don't you forget it!
SECOND STRANGER.—And you kin bet yer stove-pipe that it's goin' to Chicago!



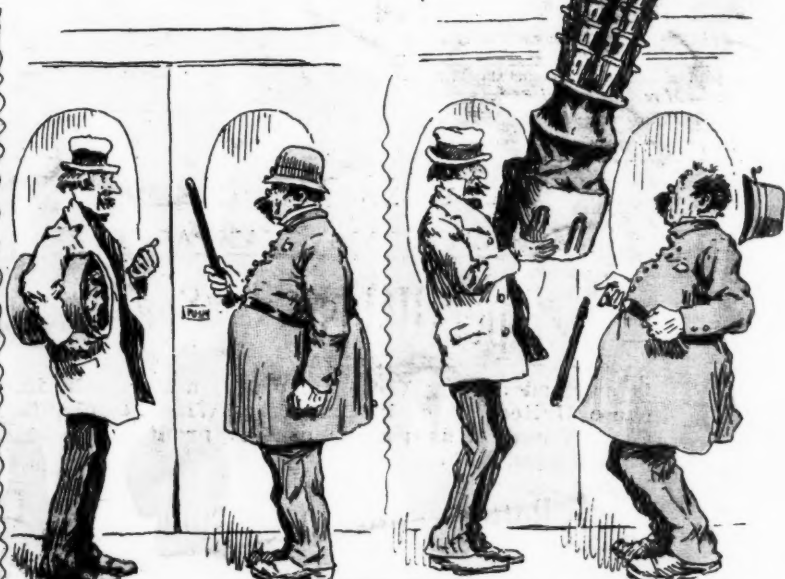
"Why is this man so angry?"—"He has conceived the idea that Central Park is to be ruined by the World's Fair."—"He is alarming himself needlessly, isn't he?"—"But perhaps he lives near the Park, and loves it."—"On the contrary, he lives in Lonelyville, N. J., and has n't visited the Park since 1865."



THE FROG AND THE OX.



HARLEM RESIDENT.—Here, what do you want?
APPARITION.—It's a purty howdy do, when a member of der Committee on Site an' Buldin's can't take a look over der location widout interference!



THE CRAZE OF THE DAY.
 "Is this the place where the World's Fair Committee meets?"—"It is; but they're houldin' a meetin'. What do ye want wid 'em?"

"I've got a model of an extension tower here, Mister, that I'd just like to submit to 'em!"